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Poetry.

[Original.]

COMING HOME.

BY L. A. S.

I'm coming home to you, mother—
I'm coming home to-day—
Nor go to war again;
I'm coming home to stay.
Coming to lay my head, mother,
Upon your loving breast;
Your boy has weary grown,
And hastens home to rest.

I long to be at home, mother,
You know not how I pine,
Thy smile to see and feel
The warm, sweet kiss of thine.
The thought of home and you, mother.
Has almost banished pain—
The thought has brought me joy, mother,
That we may meet again.

When [illegible] coward been, mother—
You read, and [illegible] with shame,
I led our shattered ranks
In thickest of the fray,
And now am coming home, mother,
I shall be home to-day.

I send this message home, mother,
That God may be your stay;
Your boy is not the same
As when he went away.
In that last dreadful strife
Hot carnage ruled the day;
The shell that spared me life
Tore half my limbs away.

Thus mangled, now I come, mother.
And shall be home to-day,
Nor go to war again,
And yet not with thee stay—
Can you bear it, noble mother?
You must know it by-and-by,
So let me tell you, mother,
I'm coming home to die.

I know it will be hard, mother,
For you to give me up—
To say "God's will be done,"
And drink the deathly cup.
But "I have fought the fight,"
And whilst I suffering lie
Thy smile shall be my light—
At home then let me die.

I soon shall be at home, mother,
O! do not mourn and weep,
But greet with tearless eye,
And kiss my soul to sleep,
Reclining on your breast, mother,
Your warm breath on my cheek,
'Twill not be hard to die, mother,
Can I but hear you speak.

O yes! I'm coming home, mother,
I'm coming home to-day,
To go to war no more,
Nor yet with thee to stay.
The angels hover round me
To waft my soul on high,
And yet—and yet they wait, mother,
That I at home may die.

Would you be Young Again.

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er—
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and most dear, though now
Hidden from sight?
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me!
Fly time—fly speedily!
Come life and light!

Home—In War Time.

She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
More fair and frail than it was wont to be—
On each remembered thing he loved to see
She lingered, and, as with a fairy's wand,
Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
New motes into the sun; and as a bee
Sings through a bed of flowers, so murmured she,
And so her patient love did understand
The reliquary room. Upon the sill
She fed his favorite bird. "Ah, Robin, sing!
He loved thee." Then she touches a sweet string
Of soft recall, and toward the eastern hill
Smiles all her soul—for *him who cannot hear*
The Raven, croaking at his carrion ear!

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the spring runs dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom
When the spring of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Droop like maidens wan and pale;
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart,

FLORIDA.

Its Soil, Climate, and Resources.

At one period the name "Florida," was applied to a much larger tract of country than is now embraced within the limits of the state. According to Roberts this name was given by Ponce de Leon in consequence of his having discovered the country on Easter day in the year 1512. Whether De Leon named the country or not, his claim to be the original discoverer must yield to Sebastian Cabot who coasted the whole of its eastern shore in 1498.

By the treaty with Spain, in 1795, the Perdido was constituted the western limit of Florida. On the north, the 31st deg. of north latitude was extended from the Perdido to the Chattahooche river, the boundary, thence descended that river to the forks of Appalachicola; it thence proceeded eastward to the head of St. Mary's, thence down that river to its mouth. On the east, it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, and by the Gulf of Mexico on the south and west. The peninsular of Florida, or that portion of Florida lying east and south of the Suwanee river bears the general designation of East Florida. Interesting descriptions are given of this region in the writings of Garcelasco de la Vega, Romans, Roberts, Stork, the elder and younger Bartram, Darby, Forbes, Vignolles, and Simmons. There is also a rare and ancient manuscript in the Spanish language, lately in possession of the keeper of the Archives at Saint Augustine, in which the early history of Florida is [illegible] regular succession of a somewhat satisfactory [illegible] piles of ruins, the extensive moats, the deep ditches, the numerous roads, the broad avenues, and the wide spreading fields, that even now show signs of former cultivation.

The climate of Florida is diversified, embracing six degrees of latitude and as many of longitude. The mean temperature of St. Augustine in latitude 30 deg. north is about 68½ degrees. Frost has fell at some [illegible] as far south as 27 deg. north latitude. It is shown by the meteorological statistics published by Surgeon General Lawson, United States Army, as derived from the diaries kept at all the military posts, to have a more equable temperature in summer and winter than any other part of the United States. The mercury, as he states, rises higher in summer, and falls lower in winter, everywhere else where observations were made, than upon the coast of Florida, and in point of equableness it surpassed Italy or Egypt. As regards healthfulness, the vital statistics collected by the government with the census in 1850-60, show that the peninsular portion of Florida exceeds every other part of the United States. The superintendent United States census, under date July 16, 1855, writes: "That in the counties of the peninsular, the number of deaths returned by the marshals shows a ratio of 0.93 or less than one per cent of the population. Second, this rate of mortality is less than in any of the states. Third, in the counties of Nassau, Duval, Columbia, Alachua, and Levy, (principal cotton planting counties,) the ratio of deaths to population was 0.69 per cent.; that of the United States being 1.39, the maximum in any other state being 2.31, and the minimum 0.95 per cent.

The soil of the peninsular is very productive and yields all the richest staples. It produces the long staple or sea island cotton of commerce over every part of it with a productiveness surpassing South Carolina and Georgia, to which this staple has been before limited; and can supply any quantity of it to which the consumption can ever reach. It produces sugar with great advantage over Louisiana or Texas, having a superior climate for the cane; and has sugar lands enough to supply a large part of the United States. The tobacco produced there, peculiar to its soil and climate, commands in market seventy-five cents per pound. It has the finest flavor when grown on old lands that are well manured. The sandy soil near the sea-coast, is well adopted for this production; and a usual season will produce three good cuttings from the same stalks. The seed should be sown in December, on rich beds finely pulverized, and kept constantly damp. From February to March the plants will be fit to transplant into the field, which ought to be well ploughed and manured. Rice is a valuable crop, where fresh water can be had to overflow the ground during the dry season. Upland rice, too, can be cultivated with profit. The pine lands when trod by cattle, have often produced sixty bushels of rough rice to an acre. With one month's labor, one hand with a horse and plow, can raise ten acres of rice, worth $450. Indigo was the principal staple of the Florida planters, while the British possessed the country. It brought the highest price of any brought into the London market, with the exception of that from Caraccas, which was said to have been manufactured in a better manner. Except cane this is the most certain crop raised in Florida. It is a native of the country, the pine barrens are covered with it. The old fields cultivated by the English eighty years ago, are still covered with it, in spite of time and cultivation in other products. The usual product to each hand was one hundred and seventy-five pounds, which sold for one dollar per pound. As the climate is the best in the world for the production of silk, and as there are considerable districts of country, that will produce no crop so well as the mulbery tree, the culture of this staple should be encouraged.

The Cochineal insect is a native of Florida, and as the male nopal is also a native plant, found about the Florida Keys, it is believed that this might be cultivated to a certain extent. Corn, Irish and sweet potatoes grow in every part of the state. Florida has fine and extensive natural pasturages, and produces large supplies of neat cattle for market. Of fruits the orange seems indegenous, large natural groves are found on the St. John's river and in the very heart of the peninsular. Shaddocks are cultivated; forbidden-fruit, citrons, lemons, and limes, are rapidly increasing. The pomegranite is met on almost every plantation. The quince succeeds but the apple does not. Figs are abundant and richly flavored. They are raised with great ease. A limb cut from a bearing tree will produce figs the second year after planting. Peaches and apricots come to perfection. Large orchards are cultivated. The persimmon of Flori[illegible] The fruit is [illegible] that of the middle states. cy. The Hawly is [illegible] and more soft and juicy grows upon a large and [illegible] iful spreading tree. The cocoanut is a nati[illegible] tree, or at least naturalized south of the 27th deg. of north latitude. Sugar and custard apples grow perfectly well. The cocolobe or sea-side grape flourishes on the southern coast. Its abundant clusters are usually about one foot long; the grape tastes much like a cling-stone peach. Of plums there are the chickasaw, the pickok, corker, sowland, hueso, mastil, and pigeon; all these are native. The plantain, banana, and pine apple have been cultivated with success.

Vegetation varies with soil and climate. The most frequent trees in the pine barrens are, pitch pine, loblolly pine, yellow pine, willow oak, and black jack. Of vines the muscadine grape is most abundant. The grasses are also numerous; there are few spots indeed of pine barren that are not covered with grass.

The uplands are clay formations which arise generally on the subtending limestone; they unually commence about twenty miles from the coast. The trees on this soil are abundant, and form the pleasantest groves imaginable; such as oaks; block, red, yellow, spanish, post, and white, yellow pine, black hickory, thick-shelled hickory, magnolia, umbrella tree, yellow poplar, dogwood, wild cherry, persimmon, holly, sassafras, mulbery, block gum, catalpa, scarlet maple, plumb, annona, gordonia, hopea, white locust, beach, chestnut, birch, white, iron-wood, honey locust, sweet bay, which produces timber inferior only to mahogany, which it closely resembles, spice wood, american olive, spotted haw, cabbage palm, cotton tree, juniper, red ceder, sweet gum, live oak, and saponaria. The trees most peculiar to swamps are: same as pine barrens, swamp ash, white ash, oval leaved, black; willow oak, lyre-leaved, chestnut, and pignut; tupelo, plane tree, winter plumb, loblolly, ogechee lime, bumelia, and cyprus.

On approaching the 27th degree of north latitude the whole vegetation begins rapidly to change. Oaks and yellow pines become rare, and at length disappear. The hawly, cocoloba and gum elemi take their places on the sea coast, and pitch pine takes the place of yellow pine in the interior. Among other timbers the following may be found: The white mangrove grows to the size of a forest tree, one and a half feet in diameter, and often rises to the height of sixty feet without a limb. Black mangrove, lignumvitæ, mahogany, maderia, logwood, wild cinnamon, sattin wood, mastil, blockwood, water willow, capadillo, papayer, hickok, or coco plum, custard apple, red bay, manchineal, nopal, white-stopper, tamarind, cocoanut, and palms.

Florida is plentifully watered by clear and wholesome springs, abundant in every direction. The bays and rivers abound in delicious fish and oysters. Wild turkeys and deer are numerous, so are wild water fowls, and of great variety. A writer of recent date gives the following productions of California: tapioca, made from the manidive plant, (*Jastropha manihot,*) figs, citrons, raisins, prunes, almonds, nutmegs, and mace. "It is estimated," he says, "that $400,000 per annum could be retained in the state if their products were cultivated to the extent of the home demand." Now all of these productions grow in Florida, and there are not less than ten million acres where the soil and climate are congenial to their growth. Indeed, most kinds of tropical or European fruits ripen in Florida. Vines, oranges, citrons, lemons, limes, olives, figs, pomegranites, mulberries, tamarinds, mangoes, cocoanuts, sugar cane, pine apples, and bananas attain perfection. Two successive crops of corn and three of potatoes are often produced in the year.

The question is often asked, will people of the northern states enjoy accustomed health in Florida? The transition from New England to a region bordering on the tropics is very considerable, but solar heat is not a cause of disease, nor is a high degree of temperature merely, unfavorable to human life. The climate of St. Helena which corresponds very nearly with Florida is not ill adapted to the European constitution; indeed it has been found congenial to the crews of vessels that have been kept for a long space of time on salt provisions and without vegetables. The average temperature of the thermometer throughout the whole year is, in this island, from 56 to 78 Fahrenheit. Out of a population of 5,000 or 6,000 there were but eighty deaths, and of them nine were above seventy years of age. So in Florida, the healthy condition of the inhabitants is visible in their cheerful manners and active rural industry, the cultivation of the soil being their principal occupation. The proportion of white inhabitants who own slaves is less in Florida than any other slave state, except, perhaps, Texas. In the peninsular of Florida the trade winds are pretty constant, and the atmosphere is therefore more frequently renewed. [illegible] thus [illegible] during the whole year a fresh pure and very elastic air, by reason of the simultaneous action of the evaporation [illegible] the well known eastern principle, by which liquids are cooled, and even ice formed by solar evaporation or exposure to a current of air. From the coolness of the night, it is the ordinary custom to have a blanket folded at the foot of the bed to draw up when necessary. The beneficial and abundant dews, (arising from the numerous rivers and lakes,) cool and invigorate the atmosphere and give a vigorous luxurience to the vegetation. To conclude, the beautiful rivers of East Florida, enchanting slopes, forests of palms, and orange groves, succulent roots, delicious herbs and fruit, abundant and nourishing food on the earth, in the air, and in the water, in fine, its azure skies, deep blue seas, fertile glades and elastic atmosphere, have each and all combined to make it almost a realization of the dreams of Ponce de Leon.

WISCONSIN AND MINNESOTA.—We have read with great pleasure an address delivered by Thomas Whitney, Esq., at the opening of the new Chamber of Commerce rooms in Milwaukee. The address abounds in instructive statistics. It mentions the fact, that Wisconsin has outstripped every state in the Union, in rapid increase of population—Minnesota alone excepted. The ratio of increase in Illinois from 1840 to 1850 was 79 per cent. In Iowa 346 per cent. Wisconsin 887 per cent. The ratio in Minnesota from 1850 to 1860 was 2,761 per cent. The ratio of increase in the United States from 1850 to 1860 was 35½ per cent. In the Northwest 68 pr cent. Wisconsin 150 pr cent. Farming lands in Wisconsin (1860) 7,889,170 acres, valued at $131,000,000; a gain in value during ten years of over a hundred millions of dollars. In 1861, 1,112,600 acres of land were cultivated in wheat in Wisconsin, yielding 27,316,000 bushels. Wisconsin is now the second wheat producing state in the Union. The wheat crop for 1861 was three million bushels greater than that of Ohio, New York and all the New England States combined. The average crop to the acre for 1861 was twenty-four and a half bushels. A greater average yield than England, France, or Flanders could show. Passing from corn, oats, rye, and hay to live stock—the value of live stock in 1860 was $17,807,366. That year grew 1,011,915 pounds of wool; made 13,61,653 pounds of butter. The value of lumber worked in 1860 was $4,836,150. The yearly report of furs and skins from Milwaukee alone is not less than one million dollars. Nine thousand more barrels of beef were packed in Milwaukee in 1862 than in the entire State of New York for 1859.—*Exchange.*

HOSPITALS IN PHILADELPHIA. — There are at present *twenty-six* soldiers hospitals in Philadelphia, providing accommodations for *eleven thousand four hundred and fifty-five* sick and wounded soldiers. These are usually filled to their full capacity. Besides the provision made by government for their management, many ladies voluntarily devote their time to minister to the suffering.

A VEHEMENT PROTEST.—The Eighty-first Ohio regiment, largely composed of democrats, stationed at Corinth, Miss., lately adopted resolutions vehemently denouncing the copperheads, their protest closing thus: "We want every man, woman, and child in Ohio to know that our regiment is opposed, bitterly and forever to treason in its midst, in its front, and in its rear."

Notes from a Plantation.

BY SIMON PURE.

I described to you in my last, Mr. Editor, the process by which I became a "Gideonite," and now it remains to tell how I conduct the affairs and enjoy the life of such a character. Perhaps you have lived on a plantation yourself, sir, and can bear testimony to the fact that your imported planter is not quite as much a nabob as cheering friends at the North had pictured to his expectant imagination. Oh, said they, his position will be very agreeable indeed; he will have a nice house to live in, plenty of servants to wait on him, to fan him and keep off the flies, and all his labors will be comprised in, "Do this," and "Do that." But deponent can't see it. As soon as I had succeeded in clearing my "nice house" of negroes, I removed my effects thereinto, and commenced the life of a nabob in earnest. You must know what my effects were: one chair, (taken from a house in Beaufort, without leave,) one child's crib, spliced out to the ordinary length of the human stature; all other effects were in a trunk. A table and a sideboard, found on the plantation premises, completed your nabob's outfit of furniture. A cook was soon found, as the only essential interrogatory was, "Can she make waffles?" and bringing out several tin articles for culinary purposes, the nabob commenced his business. You know how one always remembers his first impressions of things, and you know also how, on better acquaintance, those first impressions become "as trees walking." Well, night was coming on; the sun went down in a red-hot glow, and darkness and the mosquitoes came on together and all at once. I stood on the piazza of my "nice house" to enjoy what of coolness the evening could impart, and along the road I saw the night pickets marching to their posts. I then began to realize that I was in a war country, where defense against enemies was necessary. Then came sundry reflections, induced by my ignorance of the surrounding country. How far I was from actual rebels I knew not, and how easy it might be to be stolen out of bed by some Floyd and tied up to a live oak limb, I knew not. But here I was, for [illegible] or worse, by myself, [illegible] out from the rest of the w[illegible] [illegible] country with no means of safety but a couple of very thin doors, and in case they gave out, a pair of very tolerable skedaddling utensils. Then all grew still, and I began to think of retiring. I locked the two thin doors, closed the shutters, and then came again the thought that I was alone. How did I know but spies might be outside, or rebels plotting my downfall? I had an impulse to walk on tiptoe and handle things carefully. I felt somewhat as I used to when a child, and thought a ghost or the devil was after me, and found no relief till I was safely ensconced in bed, which is the child's retreat from all hobgoblins. I need not describe minutely the process of retiring, as mine does not differ materially from that of the world in general. I retire very much as George Washington, Esq., or Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, did. Well, after I was safely under the netting, I couldn't sleep. What strange noises I heard! Mosquitoes sang outside the netting, beetles and indescribable insects knocked themselves around the room, mice and rats tumbled about behind the ceiling, cockroaches dropped from the walls, crickets and locusts filed their saws, and out of doors, tree-toads chirruped, frogs croaked, cats made music, a certain mocking-bird had a song that wasn't quite played out, and a certain dog considered it his prerogative to bark under my window. All these sounds I actually heard, and some others I imagined, such as the occasional report of a gun, footsteps about the house and on the piazza; but at length "tired nature's sweet," &c., came to my relief. Then I dreamed of a fellow with horns, who had butternut-colored clothes, and a half-eaten ear of corn, and a cotton rope, and a brace of pistols in his pocket, and he was about to apply the rope to my neck, but I made so stout a resistance that I awoke and heard some one pounding furiously on the window shutter. I opened it, and it was broad day; a colored man stood before the window:

"I come to ye, sah," said he.

"Well, I see you."

"I come to ax you, sah, if you would please, be so kind sah, as to give me a pas."

Where do you want to go?"

"*Bufert*, sah."

I accommodated the man with a pass, duly made out according to law.

"Please, sah, put two name dedda."

"What two names?"

"Sally and me, sah. Tom and Hagar, and Mary and Jenny, and Jenny and Phillis, ax for a pass too, sah."

Very modest request that, but easily granted, and the colored gentleman goes on his way rejoicing.

Among the things necessary for a plantation superintendent is a horse, and with one I was furnished by the government. The horse had been confiscated to the United States, though I thought then that the United States, if they had tried the animal, would hardly have wanted him. He was a venerable animal, gray with age, and marked with the infliction of repeated blows. He walked with a slow and dignified gait, and live-oak switches could scarcely induce him to canter. His framework was quite apparent, but his eye retained still some of its pristine fire. I called him "Bucephalus," in token of what he might he might have been, had his age been less, and gave him the surname of "The Boney," to distinguish him from Alexander's celebrated nag. He was apparently quite fond of stumbling, and it amounted to a science to keep on his back. More than once I lay at his feet, while he looked placidly down and wondered how I got there. But Bucephalus the Boney, went the way of all living. He had an intuition that he ought to be better fed, and moreover, he remembered stables where he had tasted corn. Thither he hied himself one night, but not understanding the order of the sentinel to halt and give the countersign, he received a severe bayonet wound in the side. Soon after this he sickened and died, and the buzzards devoured his earthly remains. Thereafter I was obliged to perambulate upon a mule, which wouldn't go in the path I directed, and would go in paths of its own choosing, and would throw me me into the road and across logs. But I bore it all; I was a Gideonite, and learned to endure a good many things. Mules were not my greatest torments, by any means.

I am writing of first impressions, and I must say a word about the colored people, as I first found them. My preconceived notions of the slave population, were drawn from Ordway's and Buckley's. I expected to find the negroes a happy, contented race, especially given to music and the art of personal decoration. But I was rather disappointed. I had hoped to see them seated at evening in the doors of their neat cabins, listening to the tones of the banjo and bones, or to songs of colored love. But I have not seen a negro that ever saw a banjo, or that could be persuaded it was not sinful, heinously sinful, to warble "Uncle Ned" or "Oh, Susanna." I have even been seriously reprimanded for playing the piano," as if the instrument were incapable of anything but the devil's tattoo. Then, too, the personal adornments were not as extensive as I had pictured. Indeed, I should say, if I were to say anything, which I don't, that adornments were even too scanty to satisfy modesty, excepting on Sundays.

But I will retain further observations for another time.

A REMARKABLE WINTER.—So far from New England being left out in the cold, we seem to have changed climates with the south and west. The winter has been unusually mild here, with no snow of any consequence, while there have been two or three snow storms as far south as Fortress Monroe. In Ohio and Kentucky, two or three weeks ago, a severe snow storm blocked up the railroads, suspending business and travel, and large buildings at Cincinnati and Louisville were crushed with the snow. At Memphis there has b[illegible] fifteen inches of snow and at Nashville the we[illegible] bitter cold the present we[illegible] dispatches report a heavy snow in t[illegible] mountain regions of Pennsylvania, completely blocking up the railways. The season in Cannada has been abont the same as here, while in the island of Cape Breton it has been even more remarkable. We learn that there had been no snow up to January 27. A letter from Arichat of that date, now before us, remarks, "Cattle and sheep continue, as they did all summer and fall, grazing in our fields and pastures. The thing was never known before. Sleighing and winter always set in here at the first of December, and ere the first of January, harbors, ponds and lakes are all frozen over. To-day is as mild as spring."—*Boston Journal.*

A PATRIOTIC WIFE.—Last week, a deserter from the Seventy-seventh arrived at his home in this city, after much doubling and twisting, and many a weary and dreary walk to avoid being captured. He was married only the week previous to his regiment leaving Camp Peoria, and of course, after brushing up a little, one of his first calls was upon his bride. The news, however, of his desertion had preceded him, and his young wife, who is truly a patriotic and Union-loving lady, met him at the door and refused him admittance, stating in a very emphatic manner, that "there was no room in that house for a deserter." His chop-fallen appearance when he met with some of his old associates, can well be imagined, and we are informed his wife utterly refuses to acknowledge him as her liege lord, until he returns to the line of his duty. He left the next day for the country, where he is now reflecting upon the fate of traitors and cowards.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

"MUSTERED IN."—A joke is told by the boys of the 117th, in regard to the "mustering in" of a darkey attached to the regiment who was fearful he would be deprived of his pay unless he was joined to the service. A huge mustard plaster was applied to his back about a foot below where the buttons on his coat were placed, and under the belief that all soldiers were served in the same manner, he wore it until the pain became unendurable, when he was declared "mustered in" according to the law in such cases made and provided. If that darkey don't get his wages it will not be because he has not suffered for his country.

HOW TO JOIN THE PARTS.—At a dinner party given in this city in the year 1775, a gentlemen of considerable notoriety as a wit, was asked: "Pray, what is a tory?" He replied, "A tory is a creature whose head is in England, while his body is in America, and I think the two parts ought to be joined by stretching the neck." We have still persons among us not unlike this description of the tory, whose heads are in Richmond, while their bodies are in New York; and though we might not recommend the old revolutionary wit's plan of bringing the two parts together by stretching the intervening membranes, we should certainly not object to seeing the body sent where the head is.—*Evening Post.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN POLAND.—The foreign papers have a touching incident about Poland. A little boy was standing at the door of his mother's house, when he saw the Russians fire a volley on the insurgents. "Mother," cried the boy, "the Holy Virgin protects our friends, for I saw none of them fall. A Russian officer rode up and said. "See if the Holy Virgin will protect you," at the same time blowing out the boy's brains with a pistol.